r blas features

hibet's Grand Llama; ged gentlemen-who can they be,

s they are gods-they have rather that air ch no one dare break lest be be undone. That the gods cross their legs, and the storks stand on one For thus, since their importation began, They have always appeared on a Japanese fan,

Whatever they're meant for, I bless one and all, As I pin their around over spots on the wall, As I carelessly stick them in jure and in bowls, And cover adroitly the black stove-pipe holes: No matter how have be the desert, I can

Make it bloom like the rose with the Japanese fan-I'd lay down before you a rich tribute meet In praise of your beauty and use, and the grace

With which you can cover an unsightly place, And believe me, I'll sing as loud as I can, Long may you wave, O Japanese fan ! -Bearie Chandler, in Bazar.

#### The Wife as a Financial Help-Meet.

Many women are extravagant, absurdly and thoughtlessly so, and ruin their husbands financially. Many men are miserly and mean, thoughtlessly so, absurdly and unwisely so, and destroy not only their wives' happiness, but their own also. All this arises from a lack of perfect trust in each other. It is taken for granted that the wife is incapable of correct reasoning or good judgment in the use of money, and instead of finding a valuable sympathizer and help-meet in this respect, the husband so treats her that she soon needs all her reasoning, and wit, too, to get enough money from her husband for her personal expenses. His business is to win it from the world, and hers to get it from him. There are some cases where one or the other of the parties-sometimes the woman, and oftener the man-does not seem capable of using really good judgment in regard to money matters. In general the woman is apt to use as good ungment as the man, and instead of being compelled to employ all her reasoning faculties in "coaxing" it from her husband, she ought to be encouraged to put them to a better use, as she would, if he would give her a chance. If he would consult her, and above all things encourage her to use her judgment, and confer with her in regard to whatever concerned both, he would be a richer man, and she a happier woman. It is humiliating to a woman of any spirit to be obliged to beg for every cent, and then have it doled out to her as if she was sure to use it foolishly, if not curbed and checked. And the most fond and loving of husbands often do this very thing. They do it, not realizing how much they lose in not making a true confidant and help-meet of the wife. The wife, on the other hand, feels hurt and belittled, and not being allowed or her own judgment, gradually settles down to such a state of things, and endures it only because she sees no way out of it. She dislikes to say to her husband in so many words, "Why do you not trust to my judgment?" She fears he would misunderstand her and think she was setting up her own judgment against his, and so she plods on day after day in the old grooves, and her husband thoughtlessly does the same. It is a pity that she could not contrive some way of putting him in her place for a few weeks that

risen from a nicely spread table, and the room was neatly and tastefully furnished. There was no indication of poverty there, yet Mrs. Gray's voice and manner were faltering as she asked for some postage stamps. "How many?" asked her husband,

he might have his eyes opened. Little Mrs. Gray did this, and a late number of

Peterson's tells us with what success. The young husband and wife had just

curtly.
"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

"Did you ever rockon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps in the course of a year?" asked Mr. Gray, as he lit his fragrant cigar. "Well, let us see. You write at least five letters a

week, which is fifteen cents, and fifty-two times fifteen are seven dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of paper and envelopes. I havn't a correspondent in the world, outside my business." "Your friends," said the wife, "live

near you, while mine are in another state. Do you wish me to give up writing to And her face took on an extra

"By no means. I merely mentioned the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good bye."

'Albert!" she said, timidly. Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can you leave me five or six dollars? I want to go down town to-day."
"Five or six dollars!" exclaimed Mr.

Gray in astonishment. "What on earth needed some money for a long time to get some necessary articles."

"I gave you two dollars last week."

"I know it, and I used it for materials to work up for our church fair."

"Church fildlesticks!" said Mr. Gray contemptuously. "Why, I dan't see what you need with five or six dollars." Here is a list of what I need," said

Mrs. Gray, handing a little slip of paper to One pair o' kid gloves.
One pair of slippers.
One pair of Baibriggan hose.

Crepe de lisse....

" Crepe de lisse !" What's that ?"

" Rulling for the neck."

" Will it wash ?"

"I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are money. What fools women are would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white, papery nothing around his neck, that cost fifty cents. And four dollars for gloves and slippers! Well, I must say, Annie, you are growing extravious tage. Benton's being too far off.

The next day the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forget something, said, "Excuse me a minute."

ch are of no earthly account hink you might do without." re what no lady can do with-

e slippers are to save my nice boots. You yourself noticed my ast Sundsy, and said you detested d or torn glove. Stockings are necessary in our land, and-Say no more. But why is it that

" For the simple reason that, bitherto, I have bought them myself, with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness—in the autumn—it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up." Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horri-

fied look. "Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride.

"I had too much pride to beg of you what I could earn myself," she said with

"Well, here is four dollars and a half. Try to make that do." And he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed. "He means well," she said, "but men seem to think women are like children,

not to be trusted with money."

Meanwhile Mr. Gray was soliloquizing. "Strange, how extravagant women are. Annie is the best little wife in the world. but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. That four dollars and a half will be spent before

night. Women can't keep money." Mrs. Grav went down town, as intended; but she walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While down she felt faint and hungry from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no maney to spare.

"Oh! by the way, Annie, did you go down to-day?" asked Mr. Gray at supper that night.

"Spent every cent, I'll be bound," jok-

ingly.
"No. I have exactly two cents left; but I walked both ways, got no crepe de lisse, and went without luncheon although faint with hunger."

Mr. Gray locked shocked.
"Why did you not come to me?"
Because it was out of the way; and because, to tell the truth, I felt too cross." "Cross with me?"

"Yes, with you;" and poor Annie's grievances burst forth. "To be going along the street hungrier than any beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket, because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you I was in business the same as you; that is, I earned my living by teaching; you earned yours by trading. Now, suppose when we married you had given up your business to assist me, or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend as you choose. I dressed you well, to be sure; but gave you no money without the whys and wherefores, and whithers being inquired into; in short,

treated you as you do me?" "You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood." "But just consider the disadvantages of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?"

"Why-if I only had to ask-first-rate." "Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocket-book for a week."

But, Annie, it isn't practicable. You couldn't attend to business at the store." "Of course not. It is only your personal expenses I will regulate. You come to me for what money you wish to spend for yourself; that is all; and give me your word that you will take no money

"All right. I'll do it, just to show you that it is easy enough. Here's the pocket-bcok." And he gave it into her hand. "But I'll take a quarter, first, to begin on!

"What do you want of a quarter?"

" Cigare.' "Well, here are two ten cent pieces: try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost in the year? Let me see. You smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of ten cents apiece, which amounts to one dollar and forty cents s week. Now, fifty-two times one forty makes seventy-two dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of those you give to your friends. A hun-dred dollars will scarcely cover your expenses in that line."

"As our old friend Abigail Stillman says, 'Who'd a-thunk it,'" said Mr. Gray, laughing; but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house before he remembered that he had only twenty-five

"I'll risk it," said he to himself. " Perhaps I'll not want to buy anything. I'll show Annie that a man can do without

"Hello, Gray!" cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. "What is the brain study about?" It was his old friend,

Frank Raymond. The two men had not met since Mr.

Gray's marriage, and as Frank was to remain in town for a week, Mr. Gray invited him home.

He lit a cigar and handed its mate to Frank; as he did this the two conversed fold times till they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated, Frank agreeing to be at the Gray's at six o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going nome that night, as was his in-variable custom, he ran into Benton's to buy some cigars. Benton was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had taken

can you want with five or six dollars?"

"Are they not good?" inquired the dealer. "We think them our choisest—" "They are good. But on second thought I will not take any to-night.

Mr. Gray had always purchased cigars as he used them; but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money, and run out and fill his case without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame, and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind. "Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat her friends to cigars," he

Frank Raymond was already at his house, and Annie had a tempting little supper for them; and Annie was looking her prettiest.

When supper was over, he took Annie aside, and asked for a dollar, which she gave him, grudgingly. Then he excused himself for a moment, and bought some

Mr. Gray elapped his hand on his

"I thought I had forgotten my pocket-ook, but I haven't," he said. "So it's book, but I haven't," he said. "So it's all right," and then he hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame at the deceit. But he could not risk having his friend go back with him, and stand by while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half a dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked on the street after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day in the same way. But on this day he realized the old adage, "It never rains but it pours," for from being asked to change a bill, to getting his coat ripped, and asking for credit at his tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was unaware of all this. In fact she thought her husband was failing to realize the situation, so when, at night, Mr. Gray asked her for money to spend the next day, she wickedly put him off with some excuse, and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

"You want a dollar or two! What do you want with a dollar or two?"

"There, Annie, don't bother a fellow. But with great deliberation she drew

out a quarter, and laid it down, then another and another. "Let me see-three quarters-seventy-

five, ten is eighty-five-ten-ninety-five, and here is a three-cent piece-ninety-eight cents. Will that do?" "Yes," and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket and hurried from the room.

He was in hopes his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the compact and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But Mr. Raymond did not make any remark. Instead he thought to himself

"Good gracious! What a grind she is! And I thought her so pretty. I never thought that Albert would make such a meek husband. Catch me getting married and having quarters doled out to

me that way!" He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead, he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner they met two mutual acquaintances. Hand shakings and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say that Mr. Gray decided to rend a note to his partner, and spend the forenoon with his friends.

The party now adjourned to a restaurant, and Mr. Raymond, aware of the exact amount of his, Mr. Gray's funds, or-

dered lunch. The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband fifty cents. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrein the book he was reading. But he

heard Mr. Gray ask,
"What's that for? Oh, the contribution box! Thank you!" But to himself

Why not save it to go with the twenty-five cents I have already, so as not be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then I can succeed in getting some for Monday's trip without the knowledge of my friends, and this absurd farce will

end without any more unpleasantness." Beech Island was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them, meantime, to spend the evening at his house. Annie was in excellent spirits; sang, and played, and was sltogether charming. Mr. Ray-mond, remembering the money, decided that matrimony was a snare when women

so deceptive. Monday morning came all too scon; for try as he would he could not get the attention of Annie, when he endeavo ed to broach the subject of the projected Fidgeting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat at last, and made a

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows. "To the Island? Pray what for? It is hardly the time for excursions.'

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's evident distress, so he said, jokingly: "Why, you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off for a time, as we used to when

The lady smiled grimly and said: "Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I cannot, in the present state of our finances, give my consent to his go-ing." With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving

the gentlemen to themselves. "Albert, I never would stand that!" said Frank, vehemently. "To be tutored like a schoolboy! Haven't you any money at the store? If not, call upon me for any amount, and let us hurry, or we shall

"No. I am afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any money from the store, and it would not be right to accept

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told his friend the secret of his wife's con-

"Well, I'm glad to have my faith in womanhood restored; but isn't she over-doing the matter? Did you ever refuse her money before others?" "I think I did last summer, when Mrs.

Osgood was visiting her. They wished to visit a friend residing in Biddleford. I thought it was foolish and told my wife so, and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is," apologetically, "I had met with some heavy losses, and felt that we must economiza."

"Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment? Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways," said Frank.

"I believe she said something of the kind. But to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking that women needed to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagances." "It's a shame to treat a high spirited

woman in that way." " I realize it now, fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through with my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for things she needed rather than ask me for the money; I understand it now; I would far rather have earned the money for our trip by sawing

wood than have asked for it. Fancy having to always ask !" "Do you know, Albert, I am glad this has happened? I may marry sometime; in fact, I'm thinking of it strongly, and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do."

"Do? Why, yes. My mother never had a single penny without acking fa her for it, and she helped to earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ab, here come

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great rethe essentials, without a murmur—that is — said he, with sundry recollections to the contrary, "when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things forgotten anything," said Mr. Raymond. Gray, in an off-hand manner, proposed single woman eight by twelve."

that as Frank could not go, they should all come to his house that evening again.

"My wife will be glad to see you," said he. The week had passed, and "Richard was himself again," or could be if he chose; but his wife had mirrored his past actions so truly and forcibly that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagances by giving him always a little less than he asked for, and invariably inquiring just how he spent it, and, meantime, reckon-ing up how much he had spent each day, with great exactness. All this, as he knew, was copied from his own custom. Besides, he reflected. if he found it so dis agreeable for a week, how much more so must it seem, year after year, with no prospect of a change? In short, he felt himself to be the meanest man in exist-"'Tis one half to own it, and the other half to reform," we suspect.
"There, Albert," said his wife, "I am

glad the farce is ended. It was Tuesday evening, at half-past six, precisely, when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time she handed her husband his pocket-book; and then she re-turned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles. This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife and placed one in her lap, saying "Henceforth we will share alike. Buy what you choose, I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not infallible Why need I sit in judgment upon you?

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness, as she replied: "Believe me, Albert, you will never re-gret this; for now I shall have an opportunity to use my reasoning faculties." And Albert never did regret it.—Christian at Work.

#### Freaks of Forgetfulness.

Of all the ills to which flesh is heir forgetfulness is the one that furnishes the greatest number of laughable episodes and while many of them are very annoy ing, the mirthful feature that is their al most invariable companion affords a certain degree of compensation. Near one of our Atlantic sea-ports there resides an old whaling captain commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To keep from getting rusty, he made his home on the riverbank, where he could keep a boat, and fish or paddle about as much as he liked. The place was about five miles from the city, and, as occasion required, Uncle Gurdon and his wife would journey townward for the purpose of shopping. Reaching the city, the horse and wagon would be left at the water-trough on the Parade, and each would go in different directions, carrying their bundles to this common re ceptacle, the first through waiting for the other. On one of these shopping excursions Uncle Gurdon made several trips to the wagon, finding each time that additions had been made to the store of bundles-a sign that his wife was busy. Having completed his purchases, he un hitched his horse, and the ferry-boat having arrived, climbed into the wagon and drove on board. While crossing the river one of his acquaintances stepped up and asked how he was getting on. "Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm bothered just now." "Why, is anything going wrong?" "No, nothing special; but I came down to do some shopping, and I've Before separating, a little excursion to each Island was proposed for Monday.

Grav invited them meantime to perplexed manner. "Well, I wouldn't worry. You will think of it next time,' said the neighbor; and the boat having reached the landing, Uncle Gurdon drove ashore, and went on toward home. When nearly half-way there he was met by another friend, who stopped to have a chat. "How do you do to day, Uncle Gurdon ?" he asked. "Oh, nicely, nicely; though I'm a bit worried just now."
"Worried? what about?" "Well, you see, I've been to town shopping, and there's a parcel of some kind that I've forgotten. I can't think what it is, and it bothers me." "Oh. never mind it! You will recollect what it is before you go again. By the way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your wife?" "Jerusalem!" cried is your wife?" "Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon, slapping his knee with great energy. "It's my wife that I've forgotten! She went to town with me to do some shopping, and I was to wait for her." And Uncle Gurdon turned around, and went back to the ferry for the parcel that he had left behind.— Harper's Magazine for June.

A Rogue Outwitted. The following anecdote is related of Mr. James Sheafe, who years ago was a leading grocer in Biddeford. It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuk ing him for the theft, as another would and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretense of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it, and exclaimed, "Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong." "Oh no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you." "Well, well, we won't dispute the matter; it is easily tried," said Mr. Sheafe, putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so. I knew I was right. I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds. However, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it : I'll take part of it out." "No. no." said the other, staying the hands of Mr. Sheafon their way to the strings of the bag, "I'll take the whole." And this he did, paying for his dishonesty by receiving the skim-milk cheese at the rate of fortyfive cents a round, the price of the wool.

Last summer we stood near a group of Irishmen in a neighboring city, and they were speaking of Ingersoll's approaching " And are you going to hear Bob Ingersoll, Pat?" said one. "I don't know, Mike. What has he got to say?" "He says Christianity is dead." "Christianity is dead, is it? It is a quare dead thing that's building five churches in this town this year!" Pat was right.

A MAN was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little girl exclaimed, "Don't take aim, pa! Let it go off by ac-cident." "Why so?" asked the father "'Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits something."

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